

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Contra"

(feat. Killasha)

[Killa Sha:]

The invincible huh?

Yeah, y'all be seeing it

It is what it is indeed, Stoupie

Y'all be knowing huh?

Let 'em know

[Vinnie Paz:]

Hold the device tight, when it's time for a mic fight

You're a pagan trying to battle someone who's Christ-like

The precise knight that smash you with a white pike

Left you bleeding into the ocean under the night's light

Oh you hype right, well meet the soul-benders

Cop that or get shot at like goaltenders

You roll benches till playing fear was fair game

Y'all got fucked up like sex on an airplane

That's why we can't change, we just ill

We blow trees, sip Ole E's and spit real

The clip's filled with the wrath that Cain saw

Then I slash with a leather mask and chainsaw

That's why the brain's raw, that's why your veins pour

That's why you copped my shit nine times at the same store

That's why you entered the dragon and got slashed

And that's why the Hologram counting up cash

What!

Looking for rappers who wanna battle

Don't seem to understand that I'm just that bad

The underground rapper who be wrecking

Whatever ya want yo, whatever ya like

[Killa Sha:]

Holocaust rap, javelin toss, the Sha's the boss

I take what's yours, pour poison in your pores

I'm down for the cause my nigga, not because

My soul wasn't made to be lost, stop for the pause

I play forty-eight minutes hard, without the calls

Slicing elbows through ya jaw, need I say more?

Fascinated with four-fours and foul whores

Large gram cook-ups and the ill drug scores

My captivating verses, that'll open all doors

I soar like a condor ready for war, fuck the law!

Listen to the emptiness

Of the raindrops on the ground

Looking for rappers who wanna battle
Don't seem to understand that I'm just that bad
The underground rapper who be wrecking
Whatever ya want yo, whatever ya like

[Jus Allah:]

Ominous, leave your brain matter painted on your Stainmaster
Game of Death motherfucker, we draft ya, semi-autograph ya
Keeping L's lit, sending pellets through helmets
Shells hit, you and the fag you share a cell with
Taking niggas out their element, rhyme fighters
Divine writers, time travelers, Sliders
Pale niggas act jail lifers
True tale is that they nail-biters with the trails in they diapers
Shoes never walk nor land, explore land
I expose my scrolls and code it in Fortran
Bullets graze your wig kid, brushes with death
I let the iron clutch grip the bones in ya flesh
Playing on ya wrist like strings on a violin
Dying in a blood pool, wrestling Leviathan
Fucking with gods, Jedi Mind Tricks
Y'all suckers, like niggas born without dicks